Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes, *their*
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent, *mysters*
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out *it falls*
With Riuers, *Vaughan*, Gray: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the *Boare* and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as *I* am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,